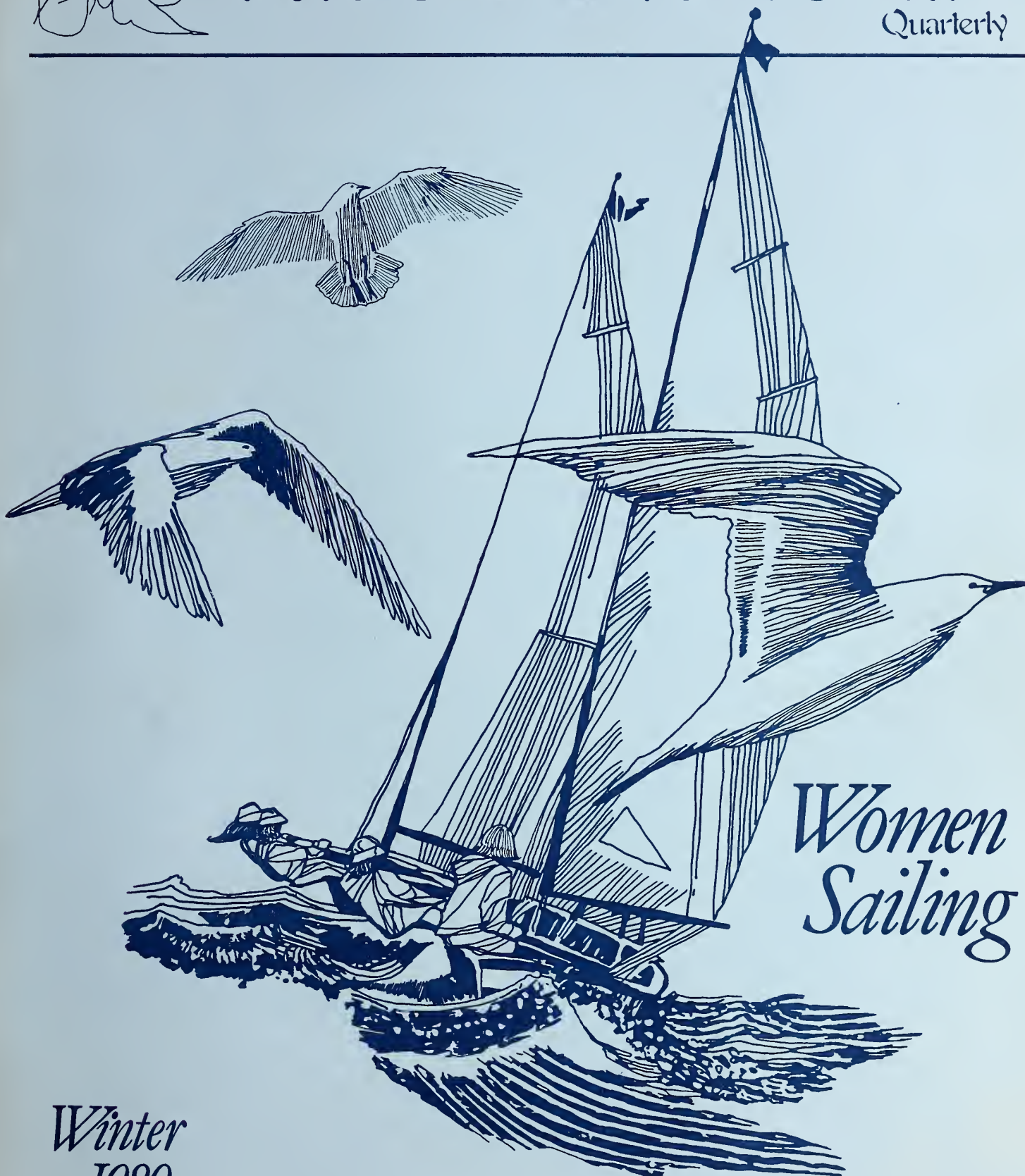




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The Creative Woman

Quarterly



*Women
Sailing*

*Winter
1980*



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AN INTRODUCTION BY OUR GUEST EDITOR

Helen first thought of the idea of an issue of The Creative Woman devoted to women sailing while she was on one of my cruising holidays in the Greek Islands. She mentioned it across several empty wine bottles as we sat around the table laughing and talking and trying to do a little Greek dancing. The idea attracted me straight away as I feel quite strongly that this is a sport which women can do as well as men in many cases, but which is still very much male dominated. This doesn't just apply to racing and championships of one sort or another but to the sport as a whole.



I find it very sad that women don't often have the chance or take the opportunity when it is offered to learn to sail. However I do not feel this is entirely the fault of the men in our society. Despite pressure from peer groups and society in general for a girl to be weak and passive it is possible to push through this and learn to take responsibility in a "man's sport". This is borne out by the example of so many women who today form an equal partnership with a man and go sailing. We can all take a lesson from the whalers' wives who refused to be left on the shore and demanded to be taken along.

Now it is our turn to ask to be given the chance to learn to sail. A quick glance at the chronological outline of the participation of women will give you an idea of how much more we are doing today. It's all too easy for people to say of Naomi James and Claire Francis and other women who are getting to the fore that they had all that help. But they did it. We must not be too proud to ask for help to do it also. The rewards are so great: the thrill and excitement of a fast sail, the relaxation after a gale at sea, the sense of fulfillment and satisfaction of a landfall safely navigated--so good I would like everyone to share it.

I have tried to include as wide a spectrum as possible of women who do sail, so as to include as many women as we can into this edition. Our contributors come from many different backgrounds and write from many different points of view. I was disappointed that a very independent lady who skippers a large charter yacht felt she couldn't express what she felt. Her words went something like this--"I don't know anything about women's lib--I just sail 'cos it's what I want to do and everybody who sails with me gets treated the same." That's just what I would have liked her to say in a brief article, but she felt she couldn't write her thoughts down.

Let me express my thanks to those who have written their thoughts down including:

Barbara Hutton, who was brought up in a small New Zealand town, trained as a schoolteacher but whisked off to the outbacks to be a farmer's wife. She did not come from a sailing family and only with reluctance agreed to their round the world trip. Read her article and see for yourself what she thinks now.

Jenny Francis is another reluctant sailor. She was at first very frightened and it took patience on the part of her husband to teach her to enjoy herself. She has been very honest here.

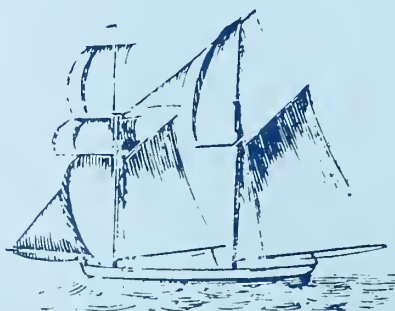
Joan Shipley for years thought of herself just as crew until one day it dawned on her that she was really quite capable of skippering.

Joseph C. Meredith is a retired naval officer who embarked on a career in librarianship in 1965, and is currently serving as a subject specialist on the staff of the University Library at Governors State University. He has written extensively on professional and historical topics.

Joan Lewis is publications editor at Governors State University and editorial Consultant to The Creative Woman.

Happy Sailing to one and all!

Bridget Marsh



Part One Women and the Sea: Families

SAILING AS A WAY OF LIFE

by Bridget Marsh

Over the past two and one-half years I have had the opportunity to watch many women on yachts and realise that I am very fortunate to be in the position I am. Most women do not get the opportunity to learn to sail and be confident while in charge of a boat. From a very young age it is the son who is encouraged to take the helm or help Daddy with the sails or engine whilst daughters are, if not actively discouraged, are not encouraged to learn.

I learned to sail on my father's catamaran and, having no brothers to do the hard bits, I soon learned to do them myself. So in a way I was forced to learn what many women and girls are not expected to know even if they go on sailing holidays. There was never any chance of me lying around the deck sunbathing or only being asked to clean or cook. I had to participate in making the boat go in the direction we wanted. I think because of this I had a great advantage over many girls, once I understood what made the boat go forwards. I took a greater interest in what went on and wanted to learn to do everything.

However it wasn't until my boyfriend and I bought our own 20' yacht and started sailing as a team that I realised the full potential of sailing in terms of fulfillment. When there are just two people on a yacht doing a longish trip, each person must be able to feel totally confident in the other's ability and also self-knowledge. Knowing that the other person can handle most situations is not enough. They must also know when they can no longer cope and need help and advice.

It is through this total sharing of responsibility that I get such satisfaction from sailing. When we arrive in a port or anchorage I know that I did my share in getting us there. That feeling of having got there all by yourselves and the incredible warmth it lends to a

relationship is a feeling that is worth all the fear and anticipation.

In my job as flotilla hostess I get to see the attitudes of many men and women on yachts: toward each other and toward the yacht itself.. For some, the yacht is just an extension of the house, and duties are clearly outlined as they are in the home; the women do everything below, the cleaning and cooking etc., and the men look after things on deck. The women are allowed on deck if it is fine and they're not in the way, but are ushered below as soon as it gets rough or anything interesting is happening. Time and time again I see this on the yachts. I have had to listen to men shouting at their wives to get out of the way instead of giving them something useful they can do. Or the wife or girlfriend is sent up to foredeck as the boat comes into the quay to tie up, but they are not told what they must do or how to do it. The husband is yelling at them, they are getting confused, and feel told off and humiliated. And next time they will prefer to keep out of the way as the best of a bad deal.

Then there is the other extreme where the woman is recognised as crew but there is still no attempt to explain what is going on or to show her how to do a particular task. Thus an opportunity for the female crew to gain confidence is lost because she is still left bewildered. Between these two are an infinite number of variations. I have very seldom seen a yacht on which the woman is as capable as the man, and I feel this is a great loss to all concerned.

Historically, very few women have taken to the sea. In the old days they had to smuggle themselves aboard, as in the famous case of Bare, a servant to Philibert de Commercon, botanist on Bougainville's circumnavigation in 1766-9. Or was it that she was smuggled aboard?

However, the sea treats all comers the same, and in order for us to succeed we must be prepared to be strong... It is no good pleading female frailty in the middle of a storm. Several women have become famous ocean voyagers, but there have not been many. Those that I know however are generally treated with great respect. Men might pooh pooh the woman who talks of getting away to sea, but if a woman actually does, I have found that she gains respect.

I was lucky because, when I first learned to sail at about 8 years of age, I had no brothers to take over and my father insisted that I know what I was doing. It was usually fun, and if it wasn't we didn't do it. We stopped if it got dark or cold or dangerous. I never became frightened, was always encouraged to be responsible and slowly over time my confidence grew.

Now, sailing my own boat, it is precisely those times which are exciting, a test of skill and ability; and so rewarding to come through. For me sailing has evolved from a sunny afternoon sport to a way of life. I live most of the time on board yachts and during the last 2½ years they have been my work as well.

I sailed a small yacht (only 20 feet long) from England to Greece, a journey of some 2,500 miles with one other person. When people saw her, they wouldn't believe that we had come all the way in her. She just didn't look big enough to accommodate two people or to survive storms and gales. We always intended to carry on cruising but when we arrived in Greece we were running low on money, so accepted jobs as skipper and hostess with a fleet of charter yachts. This seemed a most satisfying way of earning a livelihood and I have adopted it now for the last two years.

It is a very rewarding job. I love to see novices arriving from England, not knowing really the stern from the bow and after two weeks on their own yacht they've learned so much. It gives most people a big kick to be in charge of a boat and it's really not difficult if someone is there to answer your questions or give you a hand, maybe offer a little advice.

I shall be doing a similar job again this year, hopefully with a little skippering thrown in and a little single handing on a slightly bigger boat just to keep me on my toes.





FEAR OF SAILING
by Jenny Francis

Heart-stopping fear when the boat first heels over-- knowing the theory that the yacht becomes more stable the further it heels, but not being able to reconcile this with the choking feeling that we are going over any minute. I start to plan emergency measures in my mind-- position of life-jackets, the need to get the children out of the cabin, where they are reading blissfully unafraid. Not only are we going to capsize, but the noise of the sails as gusts hit them adds to my terror. For the first few days we didn't have the art of making everything secure in the cabin, and as a spoon or watermelon goes flying across, the noise convinces me that the whole sink unit has come crashing through the floor.

Overcoming this fear is slow and hard and certainly involves trust in the skipper. I had to make a conscious decision whether I was going to sail only in non-gusty weather or ride it through and overcome the fear. I found sitting on the windward side helped me get used to heeling. Then too, as I had to help sail the boat I very quickly found myself gritting my teeth and clasping the tiller with knuckles white. But I was getting there. A week later I was sailing the boat in gusty weather, heeling over, tacking under instruction, but none the less sailing!

WIFE AND MOTHER AT SEA
by Barbara Hutton

"Crazy, quite crazy" said our friends when they heard of our plans. "Terrible tragedy" said the grandparents when they learned we were taking our two daughters aged eleven and twelve away from formal schooling. Neighbours in our small farming community were horrified to learn that we were leaving our farm and 20 years of hard work : general catastrophe.

What is this unusual family doing, you must be thinking? First let me introduce us: myself as mother, father, two sons now 22 and 23, and two daughters 14 and 16. For 20 years we had lived by the sea and owned a series of small yachts, always claiming that one day we'd buy a larger one and take off around the world. Of course, that is many people's dream--but how often does it turn into reality? Ours did.

After the deed was done I started to have grave misgivings, thinking of all the things that could go wrong. Sickness or accident of course was a major consideration. What mother wouldn't have nightmares imagining a seriously ill or mutilated child, maybe miles from medical help? However we'd always been a healthy family, rarely needing a doctor, and we took advice on necessary medical supplies and treatment. Good wholesome food was another necessary consideration, so my husband installed a deep freeze to supplement canned and dried food.

Safety--a vital factor. We had a strong, well rigged yacht with all the necessary safety equipment including an expensive life raft which hopefully would never be needed.

Isolation was only a minor problem, as we'd lived all our lives in the country many miles from neighbours or townships. We had learned to rely on our own resources and ingenuity, making our own fun and entertainment.

As for schooling, our two sons had already finished their formal education, so that left our two daughters to consider. Correspondence lessons were the answer.

Although problems seemed to have been overcome, still I didn't want to leave my home, family, friends and animals. What a terrible wrench. But many men and women down through the ages have made that same sacrifice and survived--so why couldn't I?

It is now 3 years and 30,000 miles since we waved our tearful farewells to our homeland, promising to be back in 5 years which seems ludicrous now, as we are now less than half way around the world with much left to see and do.

Being a school teacher I made the girls do regular school work on all topics at first. Now I only insist on Mathematics and English because I have discovered that education is not confined to text books and four walls. A daily diary is written plus a scrap book containing photographs and mementos of interesting visits. The kids have learned to cope with a vast array of problems and situations in every country, mixed and talked with all nationalities, gone shopping and learned to bargain in the markets, and visited areas where no ordinary tourist could ever set foot. Years spent sailing around the world can represent real education. Parents should never be afraid to let their children travel. I was afraid, but no more after watching four youngsters turn into mature, self-reliant people, highly educated in the ways of the world.

For myself, my greatest thrill has been the navigation-- usually the man's prerogative. A few years ago, being fond of mathematics, I learned navigation as a hobby and now put that knowledge into practice. There are no words to describe the sense of satisfaction and achievement (and at times relief) when after many weeks of open ocean, a small, small atoll a mile wide, with 20' high palm trees appears on the horizon...very easily missed if one's calculation were a couple of miles in error. So far I've found every port, island or land that was our destination and avoided all off-lying dangers. Virtually, the family's safety has been in my hands. Quite a responsibility. This made me realize that I must teach my

son navigation in case I fell overboard or became ill. Knowing my family wouldn't be forever going 'round in circles made me much happier.

We are a family afloat, a thousand miles from habitation, confident in our ability and resources. Self-discipline was the first big lesson learned, especially for the children when they realised that six lives relied on their doing the right thing at the right moment. Can you imagine your 13 year old daughter as a miniature Capt. Bligh, standing night watches?

Many women ask me, "Don't you ever get bored?" I can answer truthfully, "Never". In fact there is rarely enough time; daily housework, meals to prepare, schoolwork to supervise - all take longer than when ashore. The oceans are never empty. Daily we catch enough fish for food. Often we have unpaying passengers in the form of land or sea birds. They are quite fearless and the children are delighted when their feathered friends accept food and water. Books are very important and provide an antidote against loneliness. We carry about 200 books which are constantly swapped with other yachts equally eager for something new to read.

With our type of "mobile home travel" we have the opportunity of meeting the ordinary citizens and being invited into homes for meals and conversation. This is something which people on an organised tour or cruise rarely get the chance to do. Our tastes in all things from food to clothes, furniture and house design have been and continue to be broadened and changed. Before, we tended to live in our own little corner of the world thinking that what we do or have is the best. Sailing to another country very soon dispels this silly notion.

So I say to any of you, if you have the opportunity to sail, don't hesitate. You'll think of a dozen valid reasons to stay put--but please don't. Set sail and enrich your lives.

FIRST TIME SKIPPER
by Joan Shipley



Men, it seems to me, are brought up to feel that they can and should; women that they can't and shouldn't. Skipper the family boat that is. It gives men a tremendous psychological advantage and women a handicap, which it is all too easy to accept. It took me 9 years' sailing to realise that I was a competent sailor and last winter I began to wonder whether I could take the boat off on my own, if I chose to break out of my allotted role. I had been doing the navigation and pilotage for some years anyway, so that presented no particular problem. I could handle the boat under sail and power, though in a tight spot under power I would often hand over, feeling I must be certain to get it right first time or else not try. There were one or two minor jobs of engine maintenance that I know how to do, but rarely did and one or two odd things that I suddenly realised I'd never investigated: greasing the stern gland; fitting the compass light to the battery terminals; fitting, trimming and hoisting the riding light; actually doing the roller reefing. They were, however, all things that took only a short time to check over. Then I knew that I would have to have a go.

To get the boat down to Falmouth, so that we could start our holiday from there, made sense anyway and wasn't exactly a major voyage. So, as I get a longer holiday than my husband, I suggested the idea and enrolled our daughter Rosemary and her boyfriend Phil as crew. When it came to the point no one said that I couldn't or shouldn't and, though I began to feel quite nervous as the time approached, I was already feeling the skipper and I kept my feelings to myself, and didn't allow myself any public doubts (one of the luxuries and expectations of my usual role). Anyway it was no different from many occasions at work, where I accept first time nerves when I have to step out and tackle something new.

It was a glorious sunny day, blowing Force 4-5, when Rosemary, Phil and I said goodbye to my husband on the quay

at Bosham and rowed out to our boat, a Rustler 31. We took time to settle in and, when we eventually motored off down the channel, my husband had gone. I had intended to sail straight to Dartmouth, but, as the wind was freshening and Phil had never been on a boat before, I decided to start with a shakedown trip down the Solent to Lymington that day. This would let Phil get the hang of things and Rosemary could get her sea legs, as it was some time since she had been able to come sailing with us. We got the sails up near Hayling Island and sailed hard all day down the Solent with the wind dropping in the afternoon and the tide turning against us as we approached Lymington. I was tempted to push on, but suiting your sailing to the crew is good seamanship I told myself, and said nothing out loud. We picked up a buoy at the entrance to Lymington river for the night, cooked ourselves a meal and enjoyed the lovely evening.

The next morning was misty, but sunny and warm and we set off again about 1000, bound for Dartmouth. The wind was against us and we motored down to the Needles and then tacked, heading out to sea. With the misty conditions, we soon lost sight of land and it was Phil's first experience of this in a small boat. However, we kept not too far from the coast and by the late afternoon had tacked into Weymouth Bay. The wind now dropped and we put on the motor. Our chart was an old one and I knew the Shambles Lightvessel had been replaced by a buoy (how silly not to have charts updated); we spent a long time looking for it, eventually being off Portland Bill with the tide against us by the evening. We were making very slow progress and the crew got a bit fed up and suggested putting into Portland for the night; but this time I was determined to push on, so I jollied them along with thoughts of the tide turning and shooting off into Lyme Bay in fine style in an hour or two. There was no wind and no sea running, so we kept only a mile or so off the Bill and listened to the weather forecast. A cold front was coming in during the night, but nothing violent was forecast, so I felt we could cope and would probably have a clear landfall in the morning,

after the front had passed.

I took the first watch, from 2100 to midnight while Rosemary and Phil slept. It started off a lovely, clear night, but clouds, indicating the approach of the front, gradually built up. Helicopters were exercising in Lyme Bay with a ship as a focal point, but some wind got up and as we sailed on south of them it gave me something to watch on deck on my own. At midnight Rosemary and Phil took over, Rosemary taking the watch, as she had often done before and showing Phil how to steer by the compass and recognise ships.

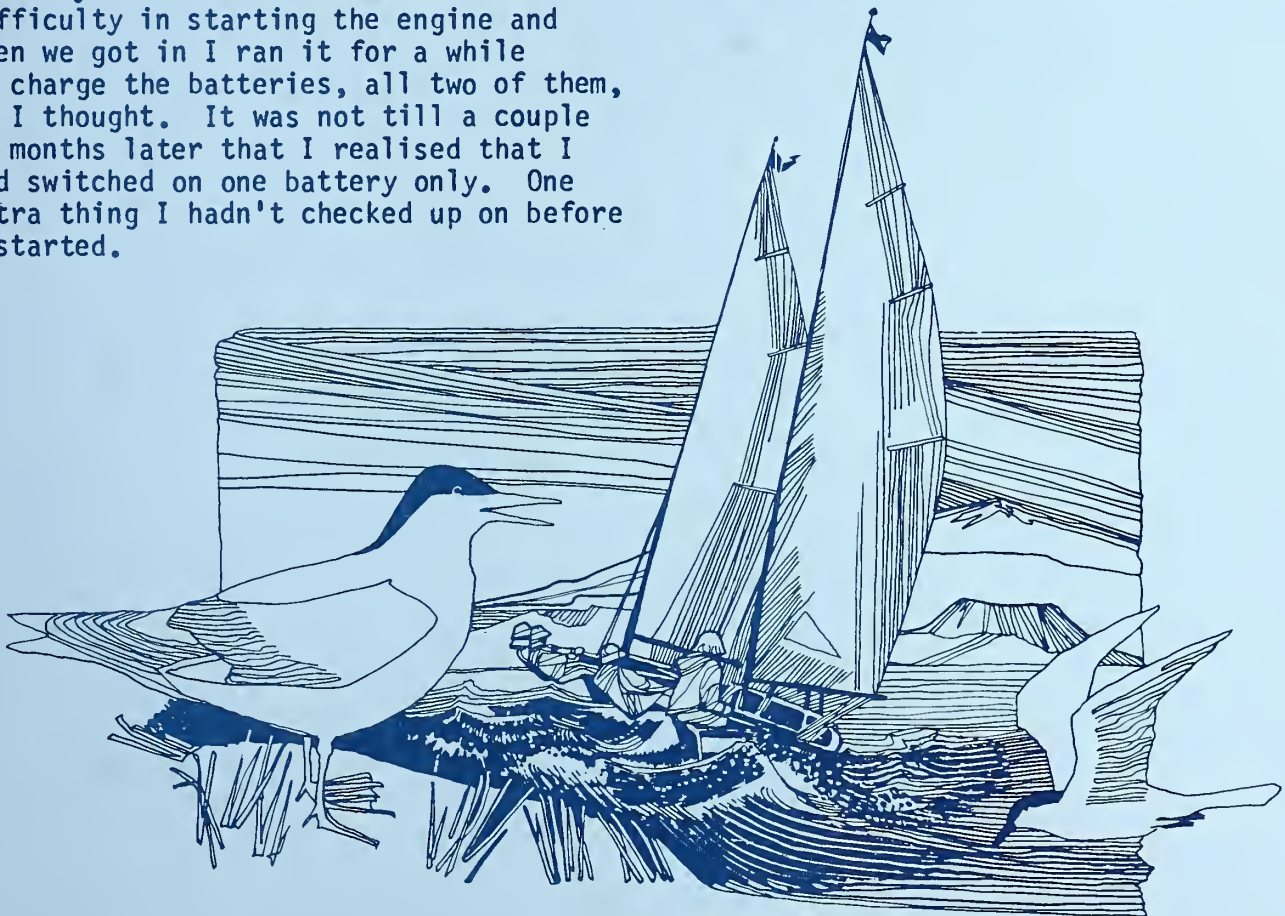
When I came back on deck at 0300, the light on Berry Head was already showing and I realised that we would reach Dartmouth quite early in the morning. I felt that we should share the next 3 hours' sleeping time, so that we would all be reasonably refreshed when we arrived. This nearly caused a mutiny in the crew or half of it at least, as our guest was too polite to join the fray. However I insisted and Rosemary compromised by coming on deck herself again at 0430 leaving Phil to sleep. It's not worth getting too tired yourself just for a bit of peace, I decided, learning another lesson about being a skipper. Before the lights went out we saw both Berry Head and Start Point and were making a good landfall without the use of RDF. A pity; I would have liked to have needed that. By dawn we could see the land ahead and the front was passing, leaving excellent visibility and some blue sky, quite according to the book, though there had been no rain at all.

We sailed into Dartmouth about 0630 and dropped anchor on the Kingswear side of the river. We cleared up on deck, but then retreated to our bunks for some more sleep, leaving the mess down below to be cleared when we woke up. We usually clean everything religiously before going to sleep, so I felt quite guilty creeping quickly into my bunk, but this time I played it my way.

The next day was bright and mostly sunny and we stayed in Dartmouth and

relaxed. I decided that, if the wind continued to blow from the west, we would make Plymouth the next day and then sail to Falmouth on the Thursday. The wind did continue and was blowing about Force 6 on Wednesday morning. We weighed anchor about 1100, putting several reefs in the mainsail and using the working jib. We were right to do so, as the wind was blowing quite hard outside and we sailed fast down to Start Point in a pretty choppy sea. We put our safety harnesses on and settled down for some hard sailing. We had to tack after Start Point and it continued rough going till at last we could sail a little more freely up towards Plymouth. We were glad we had made some sandwiches and hot soup, as no one felt like cooking. We were relieved, too, to get into the shelter of Plymouth Sound by the afternoon and Phil felt he was becoming quite a hardened sailor. As a reward for a tough day we decided to make for the marina and reached there about 1630. (Yes, I manoeuvred under power alongside the enquiry pontoon and into our berth with no problems at all.) The only hint of trouble was a bit of difficulty in starting the engine and when we got in I ran it for a while to charge the batteries, all two of them, as I thought. It was not till a couple of months later that I realised that I had switched on one battery only. One extra thing I hadn't checked up on before I started.

That was that as far as my trip went. It started to rain that night and next day gales were forecast all round. We waited hopefully for a day, but there was no sign of any improvement and Rosemary and Phil decided that, as we didn't want to head into a gale, they would make for home next morning. I felt very disappointed that I hadn't got to Falmouth as I had aimed to do. It was only a very little voyage we had made, but I couldn't change the weather, so I rang up my husband and suggested he came to Plymouth instead and resigned myself to a day of boat cleaning and reading. It was lovely to hear the thump on deck, as Tony arrived at 0500 next morning, but was there just a bit of a mixed feeling too at returning to sharing again? Yes, just a bit. It's quite addictive, this business of being a skipper. I can see why so many men enjoy it and guard their position so jealously. It's fun to be the boss, to be responsible and take decisions and it's fun too to manage the crew and make



a trip that challenges them a bit, but is enjoyable as well. It has added to my sailing confidence enormously and to my confidence in myself generally. The hardest part I think is deciding about the weather, when to go and when to stay put. If you stay too long, you can get over-cautious, but you must make the decision to go purely on the weather and the strength of the crew, not on the crew's feelings of boredom or bravado.

I learnt more about this on the way home when we got fogbound in Dartmouth and our son and I spent a couple of days in port and then sailed the boat part of the way home. However despite the frustrations, I enjoyed myself enormously and added a new dimension to my sailing. I'll have to do it again next year. We'll try to get across the Channel to north or south Brittany and then I shall be quite a seasoned skipper, but I doubt if it will be more exciting or fun than my very first small voyage was. I think the crew enjoyed it too. They say they'll come next year.

(Reprinted with permission from "Yachting Monthly" March 1979 pages 651-652.)



A WIFE'S STATEMENT
by Brenda Brissenden

January's magazine contained a paragraph which stated, "I learn that John Brissenden has been forced by a growing family (weight, not number) to give up his SIII and has bought Electra, a bilge keel Pandora". I would like, through the medium of our magazine, to state my own position and perhaps strike a blow for the more reluctant sailing wives.

First, let it be known that I have no desire to become a Clare Francis, I agreed to the purchase of a "new" boat with a family agreement that I would have a new bedroom carpet. I must acknowledge that this agreement has been scrupulously honoured. It would be churlish of me to point out that the cost of the carpet was exactly 1% of the cost of the boat--certainly this trivial fact was not noticed by the four men in my family (or should I say four boys?).

Last summer I took my courage in both hands and said to my spouse, a trifle timidly, "You know, I'm not so keen on sailing as all of you!" Consternation! An announcement of an intended elopement with the Commodore would have been received more calmly. (Come to think of it, they'd probably have approved of that.)

So my choice is stay at home or sail--if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. I sailed. As there is so little room on Girl Friday I stayed below for the most part, reclining in that uncomfortable angle between the bed and the wall. Every now and again the bad language would get worse, the thumping and banging would increase and I would be hurled to the floor. This is known as "going about". (This is the only nautical phrase I use, the rest of the mumbo jumbo I refuse to recognise. They get very cross when I talk about "parking".)

At a party I met another sailing wife who raised her hand to the side of her mouth and said, in a hidden aside to me, "Do you *really* like sailing?" A kindred spirit! I was not alone. Since then I have dared to ask other wives the same question and I realise that there are

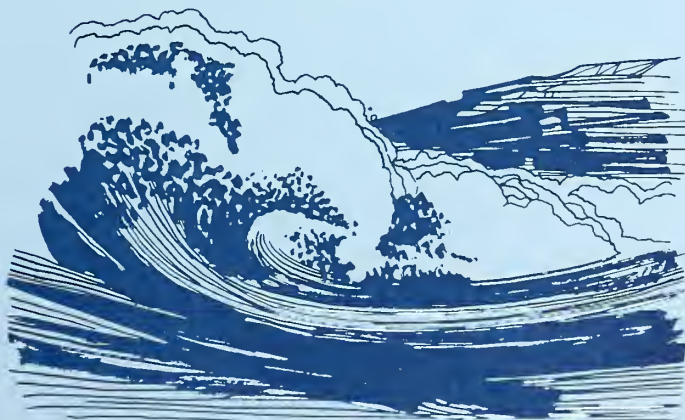
dozens of us.

Having said that, I must admit it is not all bad. I was surprised to find that I thoroughly enjoyed the Silhouette Rally. I liked the people and I was not allowed on the boat all week. It was, however, the Rally that sowed the seed of the need for a bigger boat. (They said there will be a bigger kitchen... the bedroom will be down the corridor from the bathroom.)

How he talked me into doing a Navigation Course this winter I'll never know--me of all people who thinks she is being daring when we make Cawsand in a Force 3. How far can it go? This year's family holiday has been decided; it is to hire a 28ft something or other and spend two weeks sailing round the Greek Islands. A touch of whimsy, no doubt, made him buy a Christmas present for the new boat and the new carpet. The former was given a doppler electronic log and the latter a dustpan and brush.

I feel the time has come to make a stand. Thus far and no further. I would like to see the reluctant sailing wives draw up a code. A code for the WRENS (Wives Reluctantly Enlisted as Nautical Shipmates). My first thoughts would be along the lines:

- (a) I have no aspirations to be a Clare Francis. (Although I rather admire the way she's got herself made skipper of a captive boatload of dishy men.)
- (b) I like sailing providing I don't have to go on the boat too often and then only when the sun is shining and it is warm.



- (c) The quotation from "Coarse Cruising" by Michael Green that it's madness to go out in a Force 4 should be a mandatory club rule.
- (d) If man can get to the Moon he ought to be able to devise a system that enables boats to sail *upright* and *smoothly* at all times.
- (e) The gargantuan appetite that develops in my middle son after thirty minutes afloat should be chemically treated.
- (f) Can't we sometimes sit in the garden?

(Reprinted with permission from "The Silhouette Owner" May 1978. Pages 9-10.)



All these ladies were wives of New Bedford whaling captains.

Part Two

Women and the Sea: Nineteenth Century

SEAGOING WIVES OF YANKEE WHALERS; A NINETEENTH CENTURY PHENOMENON

by Joseph C. Meredith

WHAT WAS IT LIKE?-- to be the wife of a whaling captain, to go with him and share the danger, to raise a family in a cabined ship at sea? What kind of women were they who chose to follow the whale's way along with their husbands, on cruises lasting three or four years away from home, in the great days of Yankee sail?

The record is fragmentary. Of the 13,927 voyages known to have been undertaken by American whaleships, less than a third have left a surviving trace. The Nicholson Whaling Collection in the Providence Public Library contains one fourth of all the whaling logbooks and journals known to exist, some 836 items, but only five of them were written by women. Private journals were common objects in New England seaport towns, and were not much appreciated; most of them wound up as scrapbooks or on the rubbish heap.

One of the best accounts we have is that of Mary Chipman Lawrence, whose steady gaze in the accompanying photograph communicates strength, intelligence, and courage across the years. In 1856 she set forth from Falmouth, Massachusetts, on the Addison, (1) her husband Samuel Lawrence's command, for a voyage that was to last over three and a half years and take her to the Hawaiian Islands, the South Pacific, the Gulf of Alaska, the Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean, the Marquesas, New Zealand, and Baja California, in all kinds of fortune and in all kinds of weather. She had experienced the loneliness of separation when her husband was away on his first voyage, like another Falmouth wife who complained to her diary "We have been married five years and have lived together for ten months.

It is too bad, too bad," and like her could have stayed passively at home again. But she made up her mind: "Where he goes I shall go." (2)

Such decisions were not at all uncommon. It is estimated that captains' wives went along on about half of the voyages, so that any particular time during the heyday of whaling there might be as many as forty or fifty of these indomitable ladies living in ships in the far reaches of ocean. Children were taken on the voyages too, and babies born, either at sea or during stopovers at some port of call like Honolulu, where Mary Lawrence's journal records twelve

Mary Chipman Lawrence with daughter Minnie

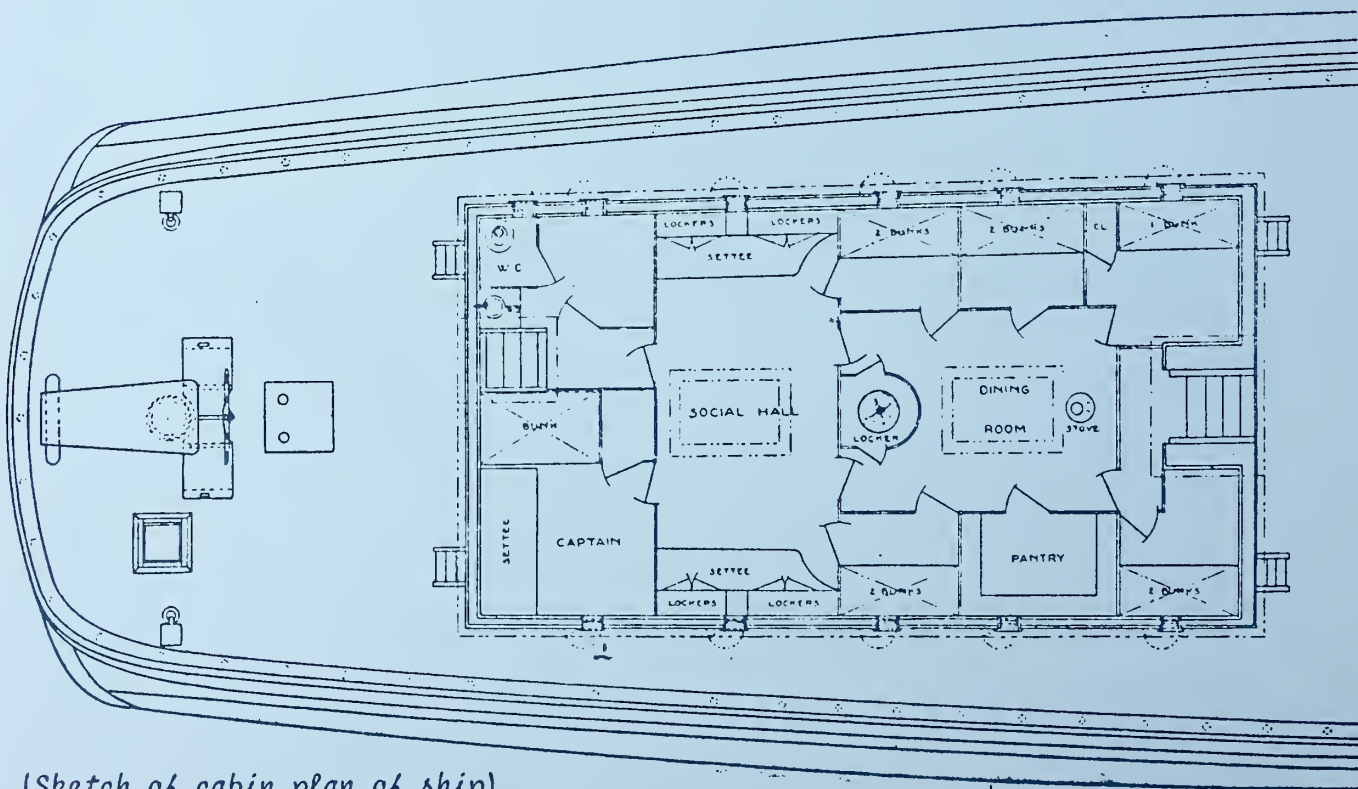


compeers in residence during one of her visits. They followed the precedent set in 1822 by a Nantucket woman, Mary Hayden Russell, when she sailed from her island home to join her husband in London for a three-year cruise in the Emily. All told, the practice prevailed for about seventy-five years, until the decline and eclipse of the industry that had made it uniquely appropriate and feasible.

The captain's privilege of taking his wife along may seem unfair, but it stemmed directly and unquestioned from his position as master of everything and everybody on board, the heart and brain of the ship, wielding enormous power. Often the captain would own the ship outright or a controlling share in it, while the crew were mere employees. He and his wife were solid middle class, affluent (after all, a good whaleship was worth about \$60,000), and not about to concede anything to the lower strata. The women who sailed on these voyages seem to have been, for the most part, well educated for the time, articulate dignified. Occasionally one of them might break under boredom or misfortune, but they always thought of themselves as ladies in the full Victorian context, and were regarded as such afloat and ashore.

In their letters home, captains' wives dwelled on the discomforts and terrors of life at sea, partly because this was expected of them and fulfilled the role they had assumed. Also, in keeping with the sensibilities of the folks back home, they were often "shocked almost to the point of swooning" by the language they heard and the things they saw. (3) But in the sparse writings that have come down to us we see occasional flashes of wonder and joy, an expanded vision of the world in which they lived. Mary Lawrence, for one, sensed the unfolding of a great epic of the sea, with herself as both observer and participant.

Living quarters varied somewhat in size and convenience, but generally followed the arrangement shown in the sketch. Many were elegantly, even luxuriously fitted out. The cabin of the Guy C. Goss, built at Bath, Maine, was panelled in bird's eye maple, satinwood, and mahogany, all trimmed with ebony. Another popular style was all-white, embellished with gold leaf. Massive furniture, oriental rugs, and precious bric-a-brac would be much in evidence in port, but after the last visits had



(Sketch of cabin plan of ship)

been exchanged and the ship readied for sea, most of this would have been safely stowed away.

Shipboard protocol demanded that the wives never set foot forward of the mainmast, nor converse with any of the crew, not for that matter go much beyond the ordinary civilities with the officers sharing the cabin. The children were somewhat freer, but even they had to be restricted to activities that would avoid disturbing the sleep of men and officers off watch. Even so, they could be a great nuisance, to the point of making life (as one fourth-mate, Abram Briggs, wrote in his secret journal) "Hell afloat." They tried to preach to the sailors, were often at risk of getting hurt or even washed overboard, and sometimes got in the way of work on deck. (4)

The seagoing wife performed few chores beyond light washing, mending, and sewing, for there was always a cabin boy and a steward for heavier work. On rare occasions she would be permitted to supervise the cooking of a meal, and if she had any medical knowledge might be called on to prescribe on that score. But essentially the wife and children were an inward-turning social unit, supernumerary to all operations of the ship, often kept in ignorance of what was going on. During storms they were confined to the cabin, puzzled and frightened by the shouts and crashes overhead when masts snapped and spars came tumbling down. Everything revolved around one man: the husband and father. "We are in a little kingdom of our own," wrote Mary Lawrence, "of which Samuel is our ruler. I should never have known what a great man he was if I had not accompanied him."

Why did they do it? Did they simply exemplify the Victorian model of woman as a mere appendage of male conceit, or are we dealing, instead, with the kind of woman who breaks out of the mold by choosing not to be cradled at home while her husband does great things? Consider first that she had the strength to refuse to do without the companionship of the one person in the world whom she had chosen to be her companion until death.

Second, she should be credited with sensing the world as a much larger place than New England horizons could encompass, beyond books, sermons, towns, friends, relatives, a place she would go and see for herself. She rationalized it in conventional terms of duty, but convention would have been satisfied either way. She refused to be short-changed out of the wonders of adventure, of what she could learn of far away lands and people, of kinship with the abiding mysteries of the deep.

NOTES:

- (1) Built in Philadelphia, 108 feet long, with two decks, three square-rigged masts, a square stern, and the figure-head of a woman. Samuel's brother Thomas owned a 2/32nds share in her.
- (2) None of the records indicate that the wife had other than a free choice in the matter.
- (3) "I confess I am disappointed in the appearance of the natives (of Hawaii)... Many of them go without clothing; both sexes bathe in the water entirely naked, unabashed. As I am writing, two men are close by my door without an article of clothing. Minnie says 'I shall have to turn my head the other way.'" (Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence. April 20, 1857.)
- (4) Poor Briggs, when the captain's family increased to six, went ashore, got drunk, and refused to return to the ship. He was forced back under guard anyway, and demoted to the forecabin.

SOURCES:

Mary Chipman Lawrence, *The Captain's Best Mate; The Journal of Mary Chipman Lawrence on the whaler Addison 1856-1860*. Edited by Stanton Garner. Providence, R.I., Brown University Press, 1966.

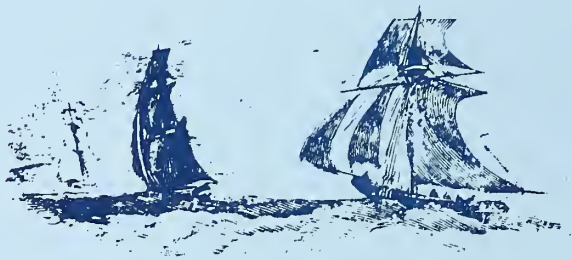
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Joanna C. Colcord. Domestic life on American sailing ships. The American Neptune 2:2 (1941) 193-202.

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LAKE HURON'S STORY OF TWO SURVIVORS

Loud raged the dreadful tumult,
And stormy was the day,
When the Asia left the harbour,
To cross the Georgian Bay.

One hundred souls she had on board,
Likewise a costly store;
But on this trip, this gallant ship
Did sink to rise no more.

With three and thirty shanty men
So handsome, stout and brave,
Were bound for Collin's Inlet
But found a watery grave.

Of all the souls she had on board,
Two only are alive;
Miss Morrison and Tinkiss,
Who only did survive.

Miss Morrison and Tinkiss,
Their names I'll ne'er forget,
Protected by a lifeboat
Which five times did upset.

The cabin boy next passed away,
So young, so true, so brave;
His parents weep while his body sleeps
In Georgian's watery grave.

And likewise Billy Christie,
With his newly-wedded bride,
Were bound for Manitoulin
Where the parents did reside.

"Oh, had we only left this boat,
Last eve at Owen Sound!
Oh, Willie dear, why came you here
To in these waters drown?"

The men cried, "Save the Captain,"
as the waters round him raged;
"Oh, no," cried he, "ne'er think of me
Till all on board are saved."

Around each family circle,
How sad the news to hear,
The foundering of the Asia
Left sounding in each ear.

anonymous ballad sung by sailing crews

MERMAIDS



One of the most common of the wonders and marvels of the sea was the mermaid. The alluring form of a damsel with a fishtail instead of legs was seen by many through the centuries, and if the mermaid population seems excessive as compared to mermen, it is hardly fair to blame the sailors whose thoughts after all center much more around women than anything else.

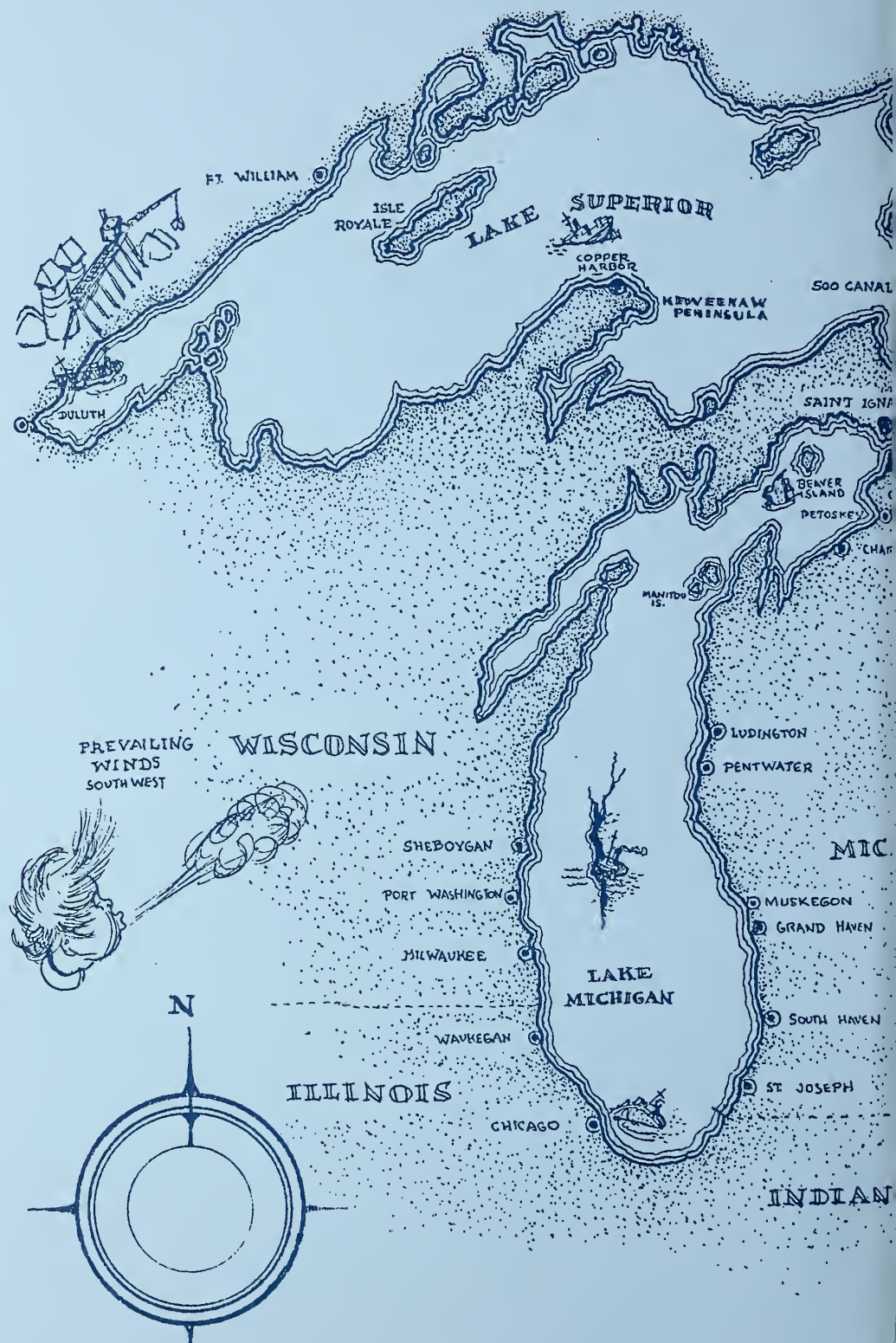
Greek mythology included the fifty beautiful daughters of Nereus, the wise, kindly god of the sea who had the gift of prophecy. His Nereids inherited this talent, and if a fellow could catch one of them-- they were to be found riding about the waves on tritons and dolphins-- she could be forced to foretell coming events as the price of being allowed to dive back into the sea.

The first time we hear of a mermaid with a fishtail is in the works of Alexander ab Alexandro, a learned Greek of the first century B.C. She was cast up on shore, a lovely girl with a fair face but scales up to her middle. She was so distressed by the curious crowd gathering to look at her that she burst into tears. King Gaza, the ruler of the place, considerately ordered the people to withdraw, and when they did so the mermaid dived back into the water. She came to the surface, shouted some words which nobody understood, and disappeared. The Roman historian Pliny knew of a triton or merman who lured ships to destruction by his song, but Pliny could not tell what he looked like because everybody who had seen him immediately vanished. In his time, too, came the first indications that mermaids really were only seals, because they are described as crying like humans when caught and nursing their young.

So much interest was aroused in these marvelous creatures that in 1723 a Danish Royal Commission was set up to investigate. If the commission found that no such thing existed, it was to be against the law to talk about them. Fortunately for free speech, the members of the commission spotted a merman off the Faroe Islands following it until it

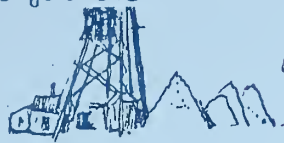
disappeared from sight. Eventually,
the mermaid legend died out.

from, Peter Freuchen's Book
of the Seven Seas by Peter Freuchen
page 482-484



STORK DELIVERY IN THE STRAITS

A young lady from St. Ignace, on the Upper Peninsula side of the Straits, went visiting her parents on Mackinac Island. On Sunday, May 7, two days after the Cedarville capsized, she felt her time was near and sent for the



island doctor. He recommended that she be taken immediately to medical facilities on the mainland, so he put in an urgent call for the Coast Guard.

Fog still hung like a funeral pall over the Straits of Mackinac, but a Coast Guard crew in a 36-foot lifeboat piloted their way through the gloom and put into the island late that evening, taking the expectant mother aboard. They departed at 11:25 p.m., insisting that the doctor go with them because of the heavy fog and the possibility that the six-mile trip might take longer than usual.

About midway to land, somewhere between Michigan's mitten and her copper-plated iron derby, the doctor delivered a daughter, assisted by an



able seaman, with a BM2 operating the boat and an EN1 in the bow on fog lookout.

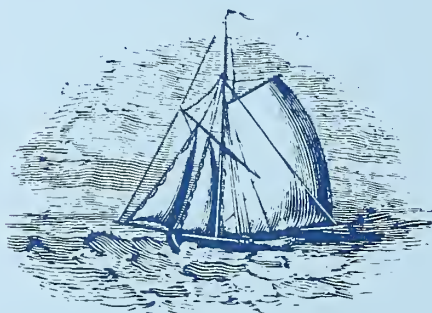
The infant uttered her first sounds of life across the waters where drowning men had given their last cries for help two days before. The lifeboat made the mainland at one minute past midnight, mother and daughter doing fine, a promise for the future from the Straits of Mackinac.

from; Great Lakes Shipwrecks & Survivals by William Ratigan
page 89

PIRATES!

The popular stories of the pirates teemed with men tortured and cut to pieces, of women ravished, and even children dashed to their deaths. They could be true, too, but not all of these deeds were the work of men. Two of the most bloodthirsty villains ever known in the West Indies were Mary Read and Anne Bonny, who joined their husbands on a pirate vessel, wore pantaloons, and wielded a cutlass with the best of them. They were said to be without mercy except as they were accused of "carrying off struggling and tender young males as well as loot." When their ship was captured in 1720, the entire crew was promptly condemned to be hanged by a Jamaica court. Whereupon, the two women "pleaded their bellies," as the saying then went, which meant that they invoked the law which forbids the execution of a pregnant woman.

from, Peter Freuchen's Book of the Seven Seas page 358



VISION OF GRANDFATHER CAPTAIN

During the same November storm that swallowed the "Persia", the little granddaughter of Captain Disbrow, sailing master of the schooner "Volunteer", awoke her mother about midnight and asked to have a lamp lighted, because she had seen "grandfather captain" standing by her bedside.

The grownups tried to dismiss the youngster's vision as no more than a nightmare, but they themselves were seized with uneasy foreboding because it was the ominous night before Thanksgiving and one of the worst November storms on record was raging across the Lakes. Several days later their secret fears, and the child's dream, became realized when news arrived that the schooner "Volunteer" had been wrecked by the storm and that Captain Disbrow had gone down with his ship.

from, Great Lakes Shipwrecks & Survivals by William Ratigan
page 98

Mrs. Walker, stewardess on the 440-foot freighter 'Argus', must have had her last moments heartened by sailor deeds as gallant as anything celebrated in the courts of chivalry. Her knights in shining armor were the engineer and the captain. The body of the stewardess came ashore near Kincardine wrapped in the engineer's heavy coat and buoyed up by the captain's own life preserver. When the body of Captain Paul Gutch, master of the 'Argus', washed into the beach, it was without a life preserver.

from, Great Lakes Shipwrecks & Survivals by William Ratigan
page 131

MOTHER BECKER, LIFESAVER

Still another case involving a lone female on Lake Erie resulted from a shipwreck in late November, 1854, when the schooner 'Conductor', loaded with grain from Buffalo, and driving through a blinding snowstorm, failed to see Long Point Light, and went crashing aground.

The sailing vessel had struck off one of the most lonesome places along the Canadian shore. Only one family lived in the area and the husband was already gone for the day, when his wife saw a smashed yawl on the beach. She went down to investigate and then looked out toward the sand bar half a mile from shore. There she saw the wrecked schooner with torn sails and decks awash. A number of men were clinging to her rigging as the masts whipped savagely in the gale.

Only a lone woman stood between those sailors and certain death by drowning or freezing. She cupped her hands and called encouragement across the water. Then she raced back to the house up the beach to let her youngsters know that they would have to get along without her for a while.

A strapping woman, Mother Becker stood six feet without her shoes on, and generally she wore none, because the family was too poor to afford them. Now she went back to the shore through the overnight snow, barefooted.

She made a bonfire of driftwood, as a sign of hope to the sailors who held death grips on the schooner's rigging. She tried to fix the yawl, but it was beyond repair. She tried to build a raft but there were not enough materials. She thought of going for help, but the nearest place was fourteen miles away and, if the men saw her leave, they might lose heart.

Mother Becker saw only one way for the survivors to be rescued. She cupped her hands and called: "Swim! You've got to jump overboard and swim. I'll help you get to land. Swim!"

One man finally braved the attempt. Mother Becker saw him take off a heavy coat and climb down from the mast. In the water he struggled for headway

while she did her best to keep up his courage. A few strokes from safety, he lost strength and started to go down. Out she went in her flimsy dress through the icy water and hauled him in to shore. She put warm blankets around him beside the fire and gave him hot tea from a big tin pot. Restored to life, he proved to be the schooner's captain, Robert Hackett. He said that he had told his mate Jerome to come next if he made it, but otherwise for all six men to stay in the rigging another night.

"Another night," said Mother Becker with her bare feet in the snow and her dress frozen on her, "another night and they'd be naught but statues carved out of Lake Erie ice." She cupped her hands. "Swim! I'll fetch you to shore. But Swim!"

The mate Jerome tried the long pull next and when he began to flounder, Captain Hackett plunged to the rescue of his first officer. Mother Beckett watched the struggle, saw both men disappear, and again went into action.

The great-hearted Amazon repeated her performance until every last man of the seven who had clung to the schooner's rigging was safe on shore. She had made them a promise and she kept it.

Today, 105 years later, the portrait of the woman called the Guardian Angel of Long Point Bay hangs in the Abigail Becker Ward of Simcoe Town Hospital, with a large gold lifesaving medal on her breast and a gift Bible resting on her ample lap. Her heroism received practical recognition in the form of a hundred-acre farm voted her by the Canadian Parliament and in a purse holding one thousand dollars in gold from the Lifesaving Association of New York because two of the men she rescued were U.S. sailors.

Mother Becker never went without shoes again. The owner of the shipwrecked schooner paid her a visit, noticed the total absence of footgear, measured the feet of the lifesaver and her children, and within a few weeks sent a huge chest containing shoes in all varieties for the family of the lone woman who had

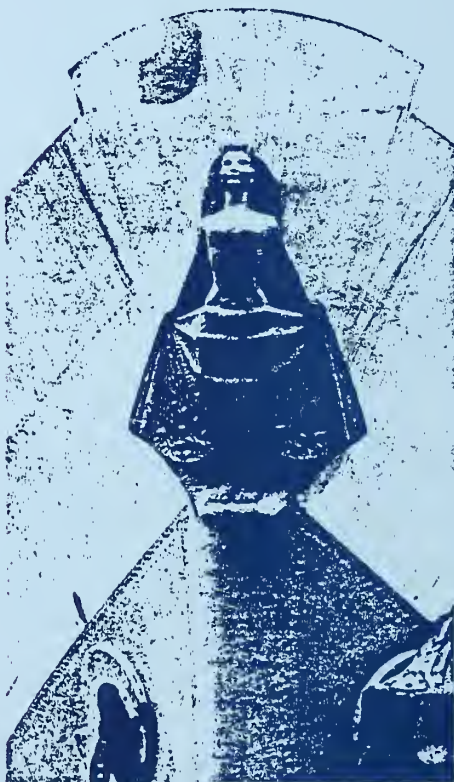
stood on the gale-swept Erie shore,
barefooted in the snow, to call across
heavy seas: "Swim! I'll fetch you to
shore. But Swim!"

Sped Mother Becker, "Children, wake;
A ship's gone down, they're needing me;
Your father's off on shore; the lake
Is just a raging sea."

She sought the men, she sought them far;
Three fathoms down she gripped them tight;
With both together up the bar
She staggered into sight.

by Amanda T. Jones

from, Great Lakes Shipwrecks & Survivals
by William Ratigan. Page 228



Part Three

Women and the Sea: Twentieth Century



THE NAVY TODAY *by Joan Lewis*

The dream of going down to the sea in ships, once a pervasively male ambition, has become, in the last decade, appropriate for women as well who hold a love of the sea.

Sailing, though historically considered only for the more adventurous female willing to stray from convention, has never inherently denied her its joys. The physical demands are constitutional, not biological, as increasing numbers of women in civilian and military capacities have demonstrated in recent years.

And the U.S. Navy, swept along by society's imputus towards sexual equality, is now in the process of removing the barriers to this once all-male bastion. Although women do not yet enjoy full equality of opportunity within naval ranks, the machinery is turning. Unfortunately, social conscience was not the prime motive for these reforms. When the AVF (All Volunteer Forces) became a reality in 1967 and a possible personnel shortage loomed, women were viewed as playing a vital role in making the AVF a success. That linked

with the advent of the feminist movement and the ERA drive, provided irresistible logic for revision of naval policies.

As a result, the Navy today "is actively pursuing maximum integration of all personnel assets, male and female, active and reserve military, civilian and contractor, in order to achieve synergistic benefit from complementary talent." (Vice Admiral Robert B. Baldwin, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Manpower, Personnel and Training and Chief of Naval Personnel) According to V. Admiral Baldwin, Naval policies now "expand the utilization and career enhancement of female personnel wherever practicable within the constraints of law."

It is the changes in the "constraints of law" that are responsible for the increasingly significant role of women in the Navy.

Until 1948, women were only a temporary force for the military, to pinch hit for the boys in battle-- a "resource of the last resort" according to retired USAF Major General Jean Holm, who stated at a 1977 Senate labor sub-committee that using more women in the



Armed Forces "has always been a difficult concept for the military to accept". She added that their participation has been considered only after that of "substandard males, minorities, and civilians." The Women's Armed Services Integration Act passed in 1948 gave permanent status to women in the four services. Limitations on total (2% of the regular force) and top permanent ranks were imposed, however. With the advent of the AVF in 1967, such restrictions were lifted. Further policy changes were made in compliance with the Supreme Court which ruled that married servicewomen were entitled to such benefits as housing allowances, commissary privileges and health benefits.

All enlisted ratings were opened to women in 1972 where before they were excluded from 75% of the 102 specialties. The first female aviators were selected in 1973, the same year separate management of women was eliminated.

In 1976 women were admitted to the US Naval academy at Annapolis and the first woman line officer was appointed to flag rank.

The Navy code was changed in 1978 to permit permanent assignment of women to non-combatant ships and to aircraft not engaged in combat missions. While this change must be categorized as

"progress" women, by not having the opportunity to serve in combat ships and planes, are inhibited in their opportunities to acquire higher rank.

Numbers of individuals involved in these changes are relatively small. For instance, only 15 female naval aviators were produced in both 1978 and 1979 as well as another 15 planned for 1980. Presently, 28 women aviators are on active duty. Compared to the many hundreds of men involved in naval aviation as pilots the number of women is very small.

Problems which are inherent in the integration of women are being thought about and worked on. Training and development programs are being implemented. It takes time and effort to build new traditions and modify old attitudes.

Many thanks to the United States Navy for their cooperation.

SAILORS' SLANG
from, The Visual Encyclo-
pedia of Nautical Terms Under Sail,
Crown Publishers Inc. New York. 1978

adrift- late, absent when supposed to
join ship

all my eye and Betty Martin- nonsense
without foundation in fact

by the wind- broke, penniless

Cape Horn fever- malingerers feigned illness
in bad weather. The weather off
Cape Horn was often so bad that
a feigned illness was the only way
of keeping out of dangerous and
uncomfortable conditions

copper bottomed- very safe and sure

cross his bows- to annoy someone

dab toe- a seaman (washes decks in bare
feet)

donkey's breakfast- very badly performed,
a mess, term for seaman's bunk,
in the days when it was made of
straw

drip- to complain

Father- the commanding officer (captain)

harbour style- easy and relaxed, no heavy
sea work

heavy weather- to exaggerate the difficulty
of a job

hoist in- to understand, to comprehend

hussif- corruption of word housewife,
sailor's kit for effecting
repairs to clothing

land sharks- lawyers, considered unlucky
to have aboard for any purpose

make and mend- a half day off, formerly
time off to mend clothes, very
necessary with the hard wear at
sea

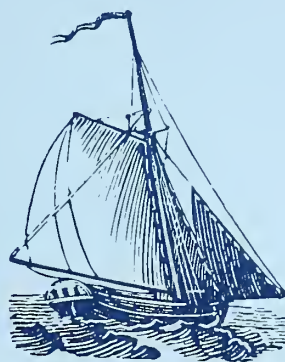
sling your hammock- to go, usually for good

slip one's cable- to die

son of a gun- complimentary term originally
meaning a sea man born at sea, from
period when wives lived on board
in harbour and even at sea and had
to give birth in between the guns
since other deck space had to be
kept clear

swallow the anchor- to leave the sea, to
retire

zizz- to sleep, in particular between
watches



WATERSHEDS
AT SEA



- 1877- The first woman to crew for a man across an ocean and to cross the Atlantic from West to East was Mrs. Thomas Crapo. She sailed from Cape Cod to Penzance with her husband in the 20ft whaler, New Bedford.
- 1934-37- The first woman to sail around the world as part of a two man crew was a Mrs. Strout who with her husband, Professor Strout circumnavigated in a replica of Slocum's Spray called Igdrasil.
- 1952- First woman to cross an ocean single handed was Anne Davison in the 23ft sloop Felicity Anne. Her yacht was small enough to be adequately handled by a woman and was correspondingly slow. Anne had previously been wrecked with her husband off Portland Bill. Her husband was drowned but she managed to swim ashore after 14 hours. She then resolved to sail on alone and fought to get her own boat and learn to sail which she did on the passage.
- 1965- The only woman to sail single-handed across the Pacific is Sharon Sites. Her first passage was from San Pedro U.S.A. to Hawaii and in 1969 she made a second crossing from Japan to San Diego.
- 1971- The second woman to cross the Atlantic and to make the fastest time was Nicolette Milnes Walker, who crossed in 44 days.
- 1971- A most astonishing feat was engaged in by a woman-- Sylvia Cook agreed to row across the Pacific with John Fairfax and endured the most incredible hardship over the 9000 miles.
- 1972- The fastest crossing of the Atlantic by a woman was by Marie-Claude Faroux. At 26 she is also the youngest girl to have crossed an ocean alone. Her passage time was 32 days compared with 57 and 59 days taken by the two other women competing in the same single-handed race.
- 1973- Claire Francis became the 6th woman to cross the Atlantic single-handed and she has since made many other momentous voyages, including skipping a yacht around the world.
- 1974- The first two-woman ocean crossing was by Joan Baty and Stephanie Merry in a 32ft sloop. They left Cowes on April 17th and arrived in Long Island 5 weeks and 4 days later.
- 1974- The first International Sailing Championships for women were held in May. These were organized by the French National Authority, the object being to try to institute a class for women only in the Olympic Games in 1980. We will see. In these first races 80 women from 11 countries took part.
- 1978- Naomi James completed a round the world trip.
- 1978- Claire Francis skippered one of the entries in the last Whitbread Round the World race.
- No woman has yet crossed the Atlantic from west to east, but this is presumably because all the female sailors have so far been Europeans and therefore sailed to America rather than any technical reasons or question of capability.

FROM THE EDITOR'S
QUARTERDECK



If a couple can live amicably and as equals on a 28-foot sailboat, even for a short period such as two weeks, their relationship has passed a "salt-water" test. They have worked out arrangements for sharing the work, the authority and the decision-making: the use of storage space first, then the routines of mooring and getting underway, the navigating and chart-reading, and the eternal shopping, carrying water, cooking and cleaning up. There is something about sharing these tasks afloat that triggers hot tempers. It is not a myth that sailors develop salty language! Ah, but the rewards are tremendous!

How this issue came to be:

To get to the taverna across Lefkas Bay, we crossed over from our anchorage, where the Skylla was moored, in a caique; from the dock on the other side it was a very short walk to dinner. There were about thirty of us--sailors who had chartered the eleven Cobra 28 sailboats that made up our flotilla, or "little fleet", of summertime happiness in the Ionian Sea--gathered about several long tables, enjoying the famous Greek hospitality which includes not only food and wine but music, dancing and wonderful conversation. During the dinner conversation our flotilla leader (one of two professional skippers, navigators and engineers), Bridget Marsh, commented that many women were excellent skippers. "I've seen them," said she, "sail the boat for the entire island to island crossing, then hand the tiller over to their husbands when entering the harbor!" It was clear that she meant--not that the women were incapable of bringing the boat to a proper docking--but that it was the husband's prerogative to be the one to do it.

This led us to a discussion of the varying roles of women at sea. Among the various nationalities represented among the summer sailors of these Homeric isles--we were German, Dutch, English, Scandinavian, American, Greek. What were the origins, we wondered, of superstitious

fears of women on ships? Why were women supposed to be bad luck at sea? As we tossed about our questions and speculations, it became inevitable: we would do a special issue of The Creative Woman on WOMEN SAILING and, in the process, have a good look at what we found. The enthusiasm of Bridget Marsh and her willingness to take on the task were the decisive factors in bringing this to fruition.

About this issue's guest editor:

Bridget Marsh learned to sail at age eight on her father's boat. She traveled around the world at age 16 seeing Tahiti, Singapore, India. After four years at University she was soon back to sea and when she was 23 she bought a small yacht, 20' long, and fixed it up for cruising. Since 1978 she has been hostess/skipper and then flotilla coordinator living on and sailing, single-handed, a 34' yacht. She has some exciting but secret big adventure ahead in 1981 which TCW will share with readers as soon as we find out more about it.

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As I write this, the low winter sun of northern Europe sends bright slanting rays through our southern windows onto my writing table. It is a January day, a beginning of a new year and a new decade. It also marks the beginning of a new era in the ongoing life of The Creative Woman, with the Editor four thousand miles away, and the day-to-day management and production of the Quarterly in the competent and experienced hands of Lynn Thomas Strauss, recently promoted to Managing Editor. She is ably assisted by our original founding staff--Suzanne Oliver, graphic designer, and Joan Lewis, editorial consultant.

Future issues:

WOMEN IN PSYCHOLOGY, Spring 1980. Guest editors: Elfie Hinterkopf and Pam Rebeck, both members of the psychology faculty at this University. Deadline for submission of articles: March 21, 1980.

WOMAN AND NATURE - a look at Ecology and the special contributions made by women

to a better understanding of the relationships among all living beings as well as our relation to the environment. Guest editors will be Bethe Hagens (editor of Acorn, Outlook, and professor of anthropology at GSU) and Joan Lewis, of our staff. Summer 1980. Deadline for contributions is June 21, 1980.

"Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first
was made".

These lines from Robert Browning inspired Marge Sharp to undertake an issue on ADULTHOOD AND AGING as guest editor. Sharp's "Two Unique Women in the Field of Animal Behavior" appeared in our Women in Science issue, Spring 1978, V.1, No. 4. She is now working as a group counselor with senior citizens (some of whom like that term and some of whom hate it). We especially invite women to submit articles on their own feelings and experiences of what Simone de Beauvoir has called "The Coming of Age". Fall 1980. Deadline September 21, 1980.

Looking far ahead to Winter of 1981, we are excited to announce a special issue on WOMEN ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER (tentative title). Beverly Beeton, historian, will be our guest editor. Do readers have biographical data on their grandmothers and great-grandmothers who made the long westward trek? Contributions should be sent to Beeton at GSU by December 21, 1980.

From The Hague I send to my staff and to all our readers my best wishes for a productive and rewarding and very happy new year!

*Helen Hughes
On leave for 1980*

(Mail reaches me at Ruychrocklaan 350,
The Hague, Netherlands)

Thanks to Crown Publisher Inc. of New York for use of graphics from The Visual Encyclopedia of Nautical Terms Under Sail. 1978.

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